THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

AUGUST, 1807.

QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

LOUISA Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, Princess of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, was born March 10, 1776. Her father, Charles Lewis Frederic Francis, the reigning duke, is brother to our gracious Queen. Thus that comparatively small principality* has been dignified by giving birth to the two most illustrious females of the present day: the one remarkable for her clear comprehension of the interests of her country and her deep insight into the system of policy which it ought to pursue; the other, for affording a pattern of conjugal fidelity and affection, and the social virtues, which constitute the felicity of domestic life, while they add lustre to the brilliancy of a throne.

The early vigour of the Princess's mind excited no less admiration than the increasing beauties of her person. That almost intuitive perception of what was right, and that steady adherence to it when discovered, which she displayed in her early years, gave, it appears, no delusive hopes

*Mecklenburgh is a duchy in the circle of Lower Saxony, bounded on the east by Pomerania, on the south by Brandenburg, on the west by Luneberg, Lauenberg, and the bishopric of Lubeck, and on the north by the Baltic sea. The whole duchy contains but about 5000 square miles.

of that fortitude and magnanimity which have since reflected so much honour upon her.

In December, 1793, she married Frederic William III. the present King of Prussia. The mistaken policy, to use no harsher expression, of his ministers, was deeply lamented by his high-spirited consort; and the fatal consequences of pursuing it were but too truly denounced. The King of Prussia *once* held the political fate of Europe in his hands: he threw the balance in the wrong scale, and the ruinous events which have since ensued are but too well known to need recital.

But while we lament the error of the King of Prussia, and execrate the pusillanimity of his ministers, we cannot withhold our tribute of approbation to the fortitude and noble resistance to suffering displayed by his royal partner. If, according to the heathen philosopher's notion, it was a spectacle worthy the gods to look down upon, to see a great personage struggling with adversity, the subject of the present sketch presents but too striking a claim for our admiration. Under the most cruel reverse of fortune, driven from a throne, and the luxuries of a court, a fugitive from her kingdom, insulted by the base and unmanly calumnies of a brutalized and ferocious enemy, and compelled to seek from a foreign hand that aid which, *had her councils been adopted*, her country might have afforded to others; her mind is still unsubdued, her courage unimpaired, and her illustrious example seems to have invigorated her husband with a resolution, hitherto unknown to him, though, we fear, too late exerted. The dismission, however, of the dastardly Haugwitz, augurs well for its continuance; and we trust that more vigorous councils, aided by the liberal support of his generous allies, may reinstate him in the opportunity of taking an ample revenge on his and Europe's enemy, the upstart IMPERIAL ASSASSIN.*

* Since we wrote the above, our hopes have been cruelly blasted, by the late deplorable events which have taken place in Poland. To the culpable ignorance, or the wretched imbecility, of "*All the Talents*," the arrogant "*Patriots of the Soil*," we owe that we are to contend single-handed with our inveterate enemy! We earnestly pray, "God defend the *right*."

OLD WOMAN.

NO. CVII.

MY GOOD OLD LADY,

THOUGH my habits and pursuits have little connection with literature, I have long been pleased, and occasionally profited, by your touches on the times, and your strictures on fashionable follies. On some important occasions, and on topics of high interest, you have said for me what I dared not to say for myself; and I have often been highly gratified by the freedom of your remarks, which extending to every walk in life, have set before the eyes of my family truths of the last consequence to their welfare, and therefore dear to me.

But I must briefly tell you who I am, and what is the object of my present address. Know then, my dear Old Woman, for such you describe yourself to be, that I am what is commonly called a Country Squire, and have a charming seat and fair domain in the beautiful county of Salop. I married when young a lady of worth, and who, in the whole, has proved a good wife and mother: she has brought me five daughters, and till the eldest was fourteen, I may safely say I never had a serious misunderstanding with my Dorothy! But, mercy on me! the system of female education is so strange, that I never could enter into the spirit that directs it, or see the utility of its general objects; and as my wife wished to educate her girls like those of other people in the same circumstances, I felt it my duty to enter my protest against making them fools, or rendering them useless, however fashionable it might be. Well! we jarred on and jogged on thus for some years: I attending to the business of my farm, in which I take great delight, and amusing myself with the sports of the field, and other rural diversions, like the rest of my neighbours; while my wife presided over the household affairs, and the care of our daughters, in both of which concerns she was sufficiently diligent, though in the latter, in my humble opinion, grossly mis-

taken, as they were taught every thing, except what could be applied to any practical purpose in life.

To make short, however, and to come to the point I wish to submit to your better judgment, Dorothy, or the lady of the manor, as she is usually stiled in our parish, finding that my daughters, who formed a sequence of ages from fifteen to twenty-one, were not likely to go off, for only the eldest had received an offer, this time twelve months, and that was not acceptable either to her or to us, began to din me about taking them to watering and bathing places, in order to shew them, alledging that I was wanting in my duty to them, to keep them from seeing and being seen; and enumerating the number of matches among our acquaintances that had been patched up at public places. I knew indeed that it was fashionable for families of our fortune to visit London in the winter, and the places of public resort in the summer; but I thought it was only for pleasure, and I had no idea that it was with a view of getting husbands for their daughters, and wives for their sons. "Dorothy," said I, "no one will accuse me of being too squeamish in such matters; but I DO think it indelicate to carry my daughters like cattle to a fair, and to sell them to the best bidder."---"Pshaw! Jerry," replied she, "you are wholly unacquainted with modern manners, and the improvements that have taken place in the intercourse between the sexes; you found me indeed at home, and married me, because you had known me from a child, and our estates lay contiguous; but had my parents taken me to a public place," and here she bridled up with an air of consequence, "I might perhaps have been wedded to a lord; and I do not despair, if you will follow my directions, but some one or more of our girls may belong to the peerage; and can you answer it to your conscience to cut off their prospects?"

This reflection I could not bear; for I had ever been more anxious to promote the real interests of my children than my own; and accordingly, after some farther explanations and time for arrangements, though hay-harvest was not quite finished, last summer, I agreed to set out, bag and baggage, for Aberystwith, where we were to spend a month. Dorothy was eager to obtain my consent to visit

some more fashionable place of public resort; but I gave my negative to this flatly, as I preferred the nearest, as being most convenient and least expensive; and I had heard that several persons, of larger fortune than mine, had been satisfied to carry their families there, for bathing and sea-air, though, as I now learned, it was to form connections. My wife acquiesced, thinking she had accomplished much by obtaining my consent to leave home at all, and my girls were in raptures at the thoughts of seeing Wales. Out we set, and reached the place of our destination, full of expectation, in which I somewhat participated, as I had never been so far in the principality; but when we set about finding lodgings, the price asked for houses and apartments, far inferior to my dog-kennel, appeared so extravagant, that I was ready to return immediately. However, I agreed at last to pay five guineas a week for lodgings, barely worth that sum per annum in the fertile plains of Salop; and we began the usual round of the place, amidst privations of every kind, compared to what we had been accustomed; but my wife and girls affected to be vastly pleased with every thing, and I thought it most prudent to keep my grumbling and discontent close shut up in my own bosom.

For a few days the mere effect of novelty carried us on pretty well; but Aberystwith soon became tiresome to us all; and having formed an acquaintance with some strangers, who were about to make an excursion to the Devil's Bridge and Havod, we gladly joined them, and had every reason to be satisfied with the grand displays of nature and art, which we witnessed in this little tour.

Returning again to Aberystwith, I amused myself with observing the agriculture, and examining the mines in the vicinity; while my wife and daughters, who had now been introduced to the company, paraded round and round with them, amidst the ruins of the castle, the only promenade which the place affords, and attended the assemblies and plays as frequently as they occurred. I had no taste for such matters, and therefore was excused; but so numerous were the invitations that Dorothy gave to idlers and loungers, particularly of the male sex, that I knew not how to receive, in my confined lodgings, the company that almost daily presented themselves; and, after making many awkward

apologies, and inwardly cursing the trouble they gave me, I invited some of those who seemed most attentive to my family to spend a few days with me at —— Hall, where I could accommodate them better.

Well, by degrees, the month to which our stay was to be limited, expired: another was added to it; and I determined to move back. We had not been long returned, however, before I found letters pouring in by every post, for my wife and daughters, and in due time I was honoured with a visit from an Irish baronet, a colonel in the army, and a parson, who understood sporting better than praying. On investigating the business, I found they were all equally bankrupts in fortune and in fame; but assiduous in their attentions to my wife, on account of my three eldest girls, to whom in concert they had severally devoted themselves, allured, no doubt, by the prospects of a good fortune, for which they would have condescended to take a wife, as an incumbrance, into the bargain. They soon saw that though I could be hospitable, I was little inclined to encourage their advances, and in due time took their leave; but I much fear a kind of correspondence is still kept up, and with the privity of the mother, which cuts me to the heart. In fact, she, as well as my girls, exclude me from their conclave; but as they cannot accomplish any object of pleasure or expense without me, they have within the last month been uniting their requests to spend some time at Cheltenham this summer, though they are neither troubled with scurvy nor bile; and should I indulge them in this too, I may have to accuse myself of being an accessary to an elopement, not doubting but that they know the Irish baronet, his friend the colonel, and their colleague the parson, are all anxiously expecting them, or at least pretending to be so.

Do, my dear old lady, expose this pestiferous rage for visiting public places. Tell your readers, that a woman never appears so amiable, or can be so useful, as when at home, engaged in the sphere of her domestic duties; and that good husbands and good wives can never be found amidst dissipation and the public haunts of folly.

Yours, JEREMIAH OLDACRE.

ANOTHER HUMAN MISERY.

AFTER having just dressed with particular care, in an almost new suit, to accompany your charmer to the play; flying along the street with a light heart and light heels, to your appointment with her, in very sloppy wet weather, but not enough so to *damp* your spirits.—Meeting with a flight of three or four steps at the end of a court, your volatility prompts you to leap up them, which you very cleverly accomplish all but about half an inch, when your foot striking against the upper step, throws you sprawling in the mud, to the infinite diversion of a number of passengers, some of whom, with a half-grin, help you to rise; when you discover, in addition to the complete envelopement of your *best cloaths* in mud, that the knee of your *bran-new fawn coloured* pantaloons is split completely across. The consequence is, that you must return to *re-dress* this grievous adventure, which occupies so much time, that you lose half the play; or, when you reach the abode of your charmer, you find her so much offended at your long stay, that she will not go at all.

June 1, 1807. J. M. L.

THE CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL.

(Concluded from page 39.)

" IN what language, most injured of men, shall I address you, I have transgressed against the laws of religion and morality, without one plea to mitigate the pangs of self-reproach. In the intoxicating round of vanity all is delusion, but the world now fades from my view, and I behold only the horrors attendant upon infamy. Woe unto the woman who deviates from the path of duty and virtue! But I must be brief: I have erred, I have suffered, and am now self-condemned. When I quitted that home, which your fond affection should have endeared to me beyond every thing, the vilest passions degraded my nature; and in my endeavour to shun the reproach of an indignant husband, I plunged into new crimes. I took refuge with the Chevalier

Windenbourn; while under his protection Rosa was born; the first pang of remorse I had ever experienced, was occasioned by her infantile caresses. I considered that I had basely deprived her of birthright, and formed the determination of restoring her to your arms, with the most solemn asseveration that she was your child; I accordingly dispatched my attendant, Madeline, with proper directions: but, alas! my rashness exposed them to the most dreadful dangers, the carriage in which they travelled was surrounded by a banditti, the servants murdered, Madeline reserved for the most horrible fate, and my infant left to perish. Though I had not acted as a wife, I felt as a mother; and the unfeeling Windenbourn, disgusted by my sadness and incessant lamentations, left me, to pursue an object more capable of inspiring pleasure, than a heart-broken repentant wife. Destitute of fame, of fortune, and even of hope, I sunk into the most abject state of misery; and, to secure the very means of existence, became the abandoned creature you found me. Chance introduced me to Fernando; the remains of a beautiful person had still power to enchant him, and as he made me the welcome offer of entire seclusion from society, I accepted his proposals; necessity, not inclination, directed my choice, and for several years he treated me kindly, but new pursuits changed his inclinations, and I was at length degraded into a menial. Thus was I situated when your appearance at the Abbey roused all the dreadful tumults of my soul—how I adored you—how I abhorred myself—Oh, Reginald! I am punished, no human pang can inflict a torture equal to conscious guilt.—Had you been weak enough to have pardoned and received me to your arms, I should have despised you—but your indignant frown was annihilation to me—from that moment I resolved to rid the earth of a wretch beneath its pity, though above its scorn. The measure of my crimes is complete—the poison creeps through my veins —my words are incoherent—Reginald, do not include an innocent child in your maledictions on its mother—the cold earth will soon cover this frail form—let the remembrance of Julia's sins be buried with her—one tear, Reginald, is all I ask—adieu, for ever.

"JULIA."

Whatever were the feelings of Reginald on perusal of this letter, had he even felt inclined to pardon the transgressor, his sensibility was awakened too late for the guilty Julia, who expired in Rosa's absence. All the love he had once felt for his wife, while the bloom of innocence and beauty mantled on her cheek, was now transferred to the lovely Rosa, her happiness was his only care; and now that self-delusion was banished by the sacred feelings of paternal affection, he perceived, without regret, the bent of her inclinations. As soon as the funeral obsequies were performed, the party repaired to Reginald's Neapolitan estate; the Marquis Veronia received them with open arms, and gave a most willing assent to the proposals made by Reginald. Rosa was united to her adoring Alphonso; and the dreadful recollection of her mother's crimes and sufferings remained too deeply impressed upon her mind, to suffer any temptation to lead her from the faithful performance of her conjugal duty. The sorrows of her remaining parent were softened by her tender assiduities, she was his pride and delight—beloved by her husband, respected by her friends, and looked up to by her children as an object of tenderest veneration. Such is the happy prerogative of the faithful wife—the virtuous mother. E. F.

ON DISSIPATION.

AT a period when so many of our fashionable females are consuming their time, fortunes, and health, by living in a continual round of dissipation, a few observations on the impropriety of such a life cannot be unseasonable, and to some, perhaps, not wholly unprofitable. It is not to those already enslaved by pleasure that this is addressed: they must, alas! have disregarded arguments advanced by much abler pens than mine: but it is my earnest wish to arrest the attention of those who are entering on a dissipated life, without reflecting on the baneful consequences which must unavoidably attend it; and the difficulty of breaking off improper connexions, when once (though perhaps at first inadvertently) formed. The numerous examples that daily present themselves, of youth and innocence sacrificed to an

extravagant love of pleasure, must, to every considerate mind, be deeply affecting—to those more nearly interested, who have friends and relations pursuing so destructive a course, distressing in the extreme. How much were it to be wished, that every young person, fond of dress and gaiety, would seriously pause and consider, that their reason was given them for far nobler purposes, than wasting their time in such transient and frivolous enjoyments. Nothing is more common than to see those formed by nature for the highest intellectual employments, and endowed with qualifications for ornamenting the sphere in which they move, instead of improving the advantages they possess, give themselves up to a life of dissipation, which completely enervates the understanding, and renders them unfit for any other pursuit. I would not, however, be understood by any one to be an enemy to pleasure; on the contrary, I am always an advocate for it, in moderation; and it only becomes censurable when indulged to an extravagant degree. If, after we have been engaged in amusement, we find ourselves inclined to return to serious pursuits with unabated relish; if we feel no difficulty, or reluctance, in dismissing all light and frivolous thoughts, when more weighty ones ought to engross our attention; then we may rest assured that our minds, so far from being injured, are improved by the relaxation we have enjoyed. Youth is the season for cheerfulness, to which dissipation is an insuperable obstacle; as, after days and nights passed in gaiety, the mind is as it were intoxicated, and we are incapable of finding any pleasure in less tumultuous scenes than those we have been engaged in—whereas, when we have been enjoying rational amusements, the inward satisfaction arising from a retrospect of our actions will produce in us a constant serenity and cheerfulness.

EMMA.

LE MELANGE.

NOS. XI.—XII.

CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

ANOTHER use of gloves was in a duel, on which occasion, he who threw one down was thereby understood to give defiance; and he who took it up, to accept the challenge.

The use of single combat, at first designed only for a trial of innocence, like the ordeal fire and water, was, in succeeding ages, practised for deciding right and property.---Challenging by the glove was continued down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by Spelman, of a duel appointed to be fought in Tothill Fields, in the year 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The plaintiffs appeared in court, and demanded single combat. One of them threw down his glove, which the other immediately took up, carried off on the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed; but the matter was adjusted by the queen's judicious interference.

Though such combats are now no longer in use, one ceremony still remains, in which the challenge is given by a glove, viz. at the coronation of the kings of England: on which occasion, his majesty's champion, completely armed, and well mounted, enters Westminster Hall, and proclaims, that if any man shall deny the prince's title to the crown he is ready to maintain and defend it by single combat.---After which declaration he throws down his glove or gauntlet, as a token of defiance.

Challenging by the glove is still in use in some parts of the world. In Germany, on receiving an affront, to send a glove to the offending party is a challenge to a duel.

The last use of gloves to be mentioned here, was for carrying the hawk, which is very ancient. In former times, princes and other great men took so much pleasure in carrying the hawk on their hand, that some of them have chosen to be represented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip the First of France still remaining, on which he is represented at length, on his tomb, holding a glove in his hand.

Chambers says, that, formerly, judges were forbid to wear gloves on the bench. No reason is assigned for this prohibition. Our judges lie under no such restraint; for both they and the rest of the court make no difficulty of receiving gloves from the sheriffs, whenever the session of assize concludes without any one receiving sentence of death, which is called a Maiden Assize. This custom is of great antiquity.

We meet with the term Glove-money in our old records; by which is meant, money given to servants to buy gloves. This, no doubt, gave rise to the saying of giving a pair of gloves, to signify making a present for some favour or service.

I have never yet heard, why a lady, who condescends to kiss a gentleman sleeping, is entitled to "a pair of gloves."

EXEMPLARY INSTANCE OF DUTY IN THE EMPERORS OF CHINA.

THE Emperor of China, on certain days of the year, visiteth his mother, who is seated on a throne, and four times on his feet, and four times on his knees, he makes her a profound reverence, bowing his head even to the ground. The same custom is also observed through the greatest part of the empire; and if it chance that any one is negligent or deficient in this duty to his parents, he is complained of to the magistrates, who punish such offenders very severely.

THE BACHELOR'S WISH.

1 AMIABLE partner to soften my cares,
2 Thousand a year to support my affairs;
3 Dogs and a gun for to pass away time,
4 Horses and chaise to indulge me and mine.
5 Cheerful companions, wise, prudent, and merry,
6 Dishes each day, with six glasses of Sherry;
7 Beds in my house for my friends at their leisure,
8 Somethings or other to add to their pleasure;
9 Pounds in my pocket when cash I require,
10 Healthy fine brats, and no more I desire.

From those, who have seen the original of this little poem, the editor of the Melange hopes an excuse for his alterations.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE OF FILIAL REVERENCE.

THERE were three brothers, who, upon the death of the king their father, fell out amongst themselves about succession in the kingdom; at last they agreed to stand to the judgment and determination of a neighbouring king, to whom they fully referred the matter. He therefore commanded the dead body of the father to be fetched out of his monument, and ordered that each of them should shoot an arrow at his heart, and he that hit it, or came the nearest to it, should succeed. The elder shot first, and his arrow passed through the throat of his father; the second brother shot his father into the breast, but yet missed the heart. The youngest, detesting this wickedness, "I had rather," said he, "yield all to my brothers, and utterly resign up all my pretensions to the kingdom, than to treat the body of my father with such disrespect." This saying of his considered, the king passed sentence, that he alone was worthy of the kingdom, as having given evidence how much he excelled his brothers in virtue, by the piety he had shewed to the dead body of his father.

COUNTRY SIMPLICITY.

A GENTLEMAN having erected an observatory at a certain point of his estate, which, from the large sum expended on it, was called Mr. L——'s *folly;* a domestic, who had heard it so styled, imagined it to be its proper name; and one day, returning from a neighbouring town on a favourite horse, it fell, and materially injured its knees, which much enraging his master, he asked him where the accident happened, to which he artlessly replied: "Please your honour, the horse fell just as I was passing *your honour's folly.*

EPITAPH ON MR. JOHN CALF.

GOD bless John Calf, whom cruel death
Cut off before his days were full;
What pity 'twas to stop his breath
Before John Calf became—John Bull.

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

THE origin of many fashions was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward the Fourth, by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duviller, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles the Seventh of France introduced long coats, to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis the First was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Fashions have frequently originated in circumstances as silly as the following one.

Isabella, daughter of Philip the Second, and wife to the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed colour of her linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, called *L'Isabeau*, or, "the Isabella;" a kind of whitish-yellow-dingy.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

THE following extraordinary instance of the affection of three brothers to their mother, though Pagans, took place in the year 1604, in the city of Mecco, the capital of Japan. These three sons, who were in a state of indigence, worked night and day to maintain their mother; but as the earnings of their labour were not sufficient for that purpose, they formed a very singular resolution: a proclamation had been issued by the Cubo, that whoever should seize a robber, and conduct him bound to the magistrates, should receive a considerable reward. They therefore agreed that one of them should pass for a robber, and that the other two should carry him bound to the magistrates, that they might provide a subsistence for their mother. Having cast lots who should be the victim, the lot fell on the youngest; who

suffered himself to be bound and carried before the judge, to whom he declared himself a criminal, though guilty of no crime. He was immediately thrown into prison, and his two brothers received the promised reward. Before they departed they were desirous to take leave of their brother, and the whole three embraced each other with great tenderness, and shed abundance of tears. The judge, who happened by accident to be in a place whence he beheld this scene, not being able to comprehend how a criminal should shew so much affection to those who had placed him in the hands of justice, caused the execution to be suspended, and ordered one of his people to follow the two brothers, and mark the place to which they might go. As soon as they got home, they related to their mother what had happened; but the poor woman, when she heard that her youngest was in prison, began to weep, and giving vent to the most lamentable cries, said, she was resolved to starve rather than live by sacrificing the life of their brother. "Go," said she, "my affectionate children, but unnatural brothers, carry back the money you received, and restore to me my son, if he is still alive; if he is dead, think no more of maintaining me, but provide a coffin, for I will not survive him, and am determined to starve myself to death." The servant of the judge, who had followed them, ran immediately to his master, and gave an account of what he had heard. The judge sent for the prisoner, interrogated him, and obliged him by threats to tell the whole truth. The young man having made a full confession, the judge sent a report of the affair to the Cubo, who was so affected by this noble action, that he was desirous of seeing the three brothers. When they arrived at the palace, he praised them for their filial affection, and gave to the youngest, who had offered to submit to death in order to maintain his mother, a pension of 1,500 crowns, and one of 500 to each of his brothers.

EPIGRAM.

THROUGH Pancras church-yard, as two taylors were walking,
Of trade, news, and politics earnestly talking,
Says one, "these fine showers (and then look'd around)
"Will bring all things charmingly out of the ground."
"Marry! Heaven forbid!" said the other; "for here
"I buried two wives without shedding one tear."

SILLY CUSTOMS.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

BEING in company, a few weeks since, with a party of both sexes, but chiefly consisting of females, the conversation turned unfortunately upon *silly customs* and *popular observations;* and, sorry am I to say, the females started the game, and ran it down; completely exterminating the gentlemen, being much fatigued (as any other person might be, that possessed common sense) before the pursuit was half at an end.

The first of these ridiculous opinions was, that *salt* falling from a person's hand, indicated some authentic presagement of ill-luck; and, after a strong and lasting argument, they got no farther than when they started, neither could any one account for the origin of it. I, at last, tired with listening to such a discourse, dropped a word to this effect: "The letting fall of *salt* was a general prognostic of future evil among the ancients, but a particular omination concerning the breach of friendship: for *salt*, as incorruptible, was the symbol of friendship, and was the first thing they offered unto their guests; which, if it fell from their hands while delivering, it was accounted ominous, and their amity would not be of long duration." How absurd is this idea! In my opinion the following are equally as ridiculous as the former.

One person exclaimed, "Oh, how my face burns! surely some cruel person or other must be abusing me." Another says, "Some person is praising me, for my ear tingleth." This is also, I believe, an ancient conceit, and ranked among the superstitious opinions, by Pliny.

They then brought forward the saying of—"When we desire to confine our words, we commonly say they are spoken under the *rose;*" which expression is fairly commendable, if the rose, from any natural propensity, may be the symbol of silence; and is also tolerable, if, by desiring a secrecy to words spoken under the *rose*, we only mean in society and compotation, from the ancient custom in symposiac meetings, to wear caps of roses.

The next, of *spots* appearing upon the nails of their fingers, must be vociferated; that those spots on the *top* of the nails denoted things past, those in the *middle* things present, and those at the *bottom* future things. That white specks presage our felicity, and blue ones our misfortunes. That those in the nail of the thumb are significations of honour, those on the fore-finger of riches; and so respectively on the other fingers.

Sir, I might fill your valuable Museum with such nonsense as this; but I must intrude so far on your goodness as to permit me to give a few hints of advice.

The reason why I have related so much, was merely to shew the absurdity of such conversation; which, I am extremely sorry to find, engrossed the minds of the fair sex, (of which I am a great admirer). Might they not employ the time thus wasted in this useless debate to much greater advantage?—Truly they might.

The foregoing superstitions and opinions, with many others, are, no doubt, owing in the first place to their *nurses*, who are fond of telling them such stories; and who are fond of frightening children with telling them of hobgoblins, ghosts, witches, and the like, which they every day talk of to children. What shall I say of that fear of thunder, which they are at such pains to impress upon their minds? A fear which they are never able to get the better of, and which makes them commit a thousand extravagancies, especially the *fair sex*. What a terrible impression must it make upon a young girl, when she sees her *nurse*, *keeper*, *governess*, and even her *mother*, creep out of the way in time of thunder?

To remove this dangerous fear in children, you should frequently tell them, that thunder is very good for the fruits of the earth, and makes grapes, apples, &c. come in great plenty; which is very true, and besides, it is the best way to reconcile them to it.

Take care never to let them hear that the thunder and lightning have ever made mischief any where; and let none of your servants, nor any person else, foolishly tell them stories upon that subject.

This is the way you ought to manage children in these cases, instead of delivering them up to those terrible frights,

which make a bad impression, both upon the mind and body.

I shall conclude all that I have hitherto said, by adding, that *nurses* do a great deal of harm to children, and, consequently, to mankind, (which they never consider) both with respect to their *bodies*, *minds*, and *manners*, three essential evils, and very hard to correct, especially the two last; but a little vigilance in the parents, with regard to the *nurses*, *keepers*, and *governesses*, or with whom they trust their children, would easily prevent any thing of this kind.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

M—R—Z—N. A REFORMER.

THE PERPETUAL COMPLAINT.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING among the number of those with whom mankind is continually dissatisfied, I beg leave to subjoin my complaints to those that have occasionally introduced them to the public, through the channel of your interesting Museum. When I tell you I am as old as Time itself, you will allow that, on the score of longevity, I ought to be respected; and when I add, that I am venerable in my appearance and temperature, as mortals themselves, you will also be disposed to grant that I am not to be reprobated on the score of inconstancy. Yet so it is, that even though I take pains to accommodate my variable dispositions to the variable dispositions of mankind, the circumstance produces no sympathetic congeniality between us; and my inconstancy is rendered proverbial; while their own propensity to fickleness never occurs to their recollection. Yet, Sir, I have no quarrel with the world on the subjects of indifference, neglect, or disregard; for I must confess every body pays me due attention; I am enquired after every night and every morning, and am so much the topic of conversation, and so regularly introduced after the customary greetings of ceremonial intercourse, that I may be said to be a kind of necessary assistant to conversation: for when people are barren of Ideas, I am always at hand to supply the vacuity

of their minds; yet I am scarcely mentioned in any other light but as the source of complaint and dissatisfaction, and without having some opprobrious epithet attached to my name. Sometimes I am accused of being too warm in my behaviour, sometimes too cold. If I smile unexpectedly, I am suspected of harbouring treacherous designs, and men say to one another sarcastically, "We shall pay for this!" If I continue my placid deportment, and am mild, sweet, and amiable, for any length of time, I am said to be good-humoured, even to satiety. Some wish me to weep when I am disposed to be merry, and some to be gay when I am inclined to be sad. Thick, heavy, dull, nasty, are epithets commonly applied to me. If I am still, I am said to be vapourish—if loud, boisterous and rude. Aches, pains, rheumatisms, and shooting corns, are often attributed to my influence. In short, Sir, I am so watched, so scrutinised, so censured, so abused every day, that it would seem as if I were a stranger upon earth, and born but yesterday, rather than an inhabitant of Paradise, known to Adam and Eve, and one who was present at the creation. But I will not detain you any longer, Sir, for I see you are looking at me through the window, and meditating an interview with your very old acquaintance, THE WEATHER.

RODOLPHO.—A FRAGMENT.

RODOLPHO was the second son of a Baron of Provence, and lived in that age which, for its ignorance and superstition, is called the dark age. His mind was naturally good, and his heart benevolent and noble; at the same time, his passions would not unfrequently overpower the virtuous impulses of his soul. He might be said to resemble a field covered with vigorous shoots of springing wheat, in which, however, some noxious weeds had insinuated themselves; the tiller of the ground had scattered his seeds thick and well, but the husbandman had not used the same diligence to give them free and unmolested growth. Rodolpho would eagerly and generously assist any one's necessity; but let his dearest friend inadvertently let fall, perhaps, a word of truth in his ear, the life of that

friend would alone expiate the indiscretion. He had that high respect for the fair sex, which particularly shone forth at that period, and would spend his last breath to protect that female honour which, on another occasion and in another place, he would exercise every art to betray.

These qualities were yet in the bud, not having had time and opportunity to acquire full bloom and dilatation. He set out from his paternal roof to commence his career in one of those courts of Italy, where warmth and air would perfect the young and latent exuberances of his heart. He had passed the Alps, and was descending into the verdant plains before him. The night advanced, and he rode on without a path to guide him, or a human dwelling to cheer his way. He passed on thus several hours, through an entangled and woody country, while darkness and sudden gusts rendered his progress still more dreary.

At length the atmosphere became more calm and the road clearer, and breaking through a kind of narrow rural alley, a large splendid mansion shone before him. In his amazement, he alighted at the door, and ready menials attended, and respectfully conducted him into the house. He was at once received by a person of his own age, and introduced into a spacious room brilliantly lighted. Numbers of beautiful ladies and gay knights courteously arose on his entrance, and the hostess approaching with a winning familiarity, welcomed him on his arrival, condoled with him on his fatigues and molestations, and supplied him with refreshments. The morning shone when he retired to rest himself from his laborious and boisterous journey. It was evening when he shook off his slumbers, and he again found amusement and attractive politeness to receive him. The time imperceptibly passed in successive recreations, and in the restrained enjoyment of these delights. It was on the sixth evening from his arrival, and he was seated, possessing the same pleasures, on a sofa with his hostess. He had become familiarized with this life, that respect and distance was diminished which he felt on his first strangeness: he drank more copiously of the wine, and indulged with greater eagerness and gust in every gratification, till his overcoming spirits and passion grew unrestrained and extravagant, and

in a fit of inadvertent ardour and elevation, he threw his arms around his hostess, and pressed her with fervent force.

In an instant an awful majesty invested her, which struck him with an involuntary sense of shame and abjectness, and with transcendant and ineffable loftiness and authority, she thus bespoke him: "Young guest, why does thy thoughtless phrenzy transport thee, and thy unbridled will trespass on that courtesy which is due to the possessor of the roof that shelters thee, and the hand that entertains thee. I might severely reprehend, but thou art already convinced and ashamed of thy indiscretion, and I will rather admonish. Setting out in life, let this incident live ever in thy mind for its instruction. Proceeding to the courts of Italy, as well as here, there will present themselves a multitude of delights and pleasures; rigourously control thy desire in the enjoyment of them, pass not the allowed bound, lest in gaiety and excess thou deviate into irregularity, and blot the purity of thy soul with indelible crimes, lest abandoned as now to licentious impulses, thou art covered with confusion, and agonized with remorse. Go, fix this precept upon thy mind, and may this be the last time that thou err."

B. D.

THE PEDESTRIAN.

NO. V.

THE PUGILIST.

AMONG the many fashionable vices which disgrace this (as it is called) enlightened age, none is more degrading to our nature, or disgusting to the feelings of humanity and virtue, than that of boxing, or as it is more *politely* termed, pugilism. To an impartial mind, it seems to be a vice without charms; a crime rather repulsive than alluring; an amusement, (if it may be so called) the end of which, let it be what it may, can excite no sensations of satisfaction or pleasure. In gaming we are led away by the thirst of gain, in ambition by various desires, and in all other vices by other similar motives: but in pugilism, there seems to be no inducement, since how can we look forward with eagerness to see a fellow-creature disfigured, crippled, nay, per-

haps murdered; yet one of these is the inevitable end of a pitched battle. What reproachful spectacles do many of our first-rate prize fighters present to us; maimed and disfigured, they walk about as living evidences of our depravity and folly. For these unhappy men, (who are the mere instruments of others) I feel pity rather than resentment; but for the conduct of those who are the patrons of this detested crime, what excuse can be offered? alas! none. This wanton encouragement of a barbarous practice, which sinks them below the level of the brute creation, can only excite sentiments of disgust and abhorrence. What their feelings upon those occasions may be, it is difficult to determine: if they possess any, I would particularly entreat their attention to the following short and simple tale:—At the close of the last autumn, I spent a few days at a friend's house, about twenty miles from town; and while I was there, in one of my pedestrian excursions, I was surprized by the appearance of a woman by the road-side, in a fainting-fit, with two or three others busied about her. Having some restoratives about me, I offered them to one of the women for her assistance. "God help her," said a middle aged woman, who seemed most attentive to her, "she only recovers to relapse again, just as though she was dead, and all for other people's faults too, as one may say; but these are the fruits of your boxing matches." "How so?" said I. "Why, Sir," replied the woman, "that poor soul's husband is now fighting in yonder field with one of your boxing folks come from London; a man, I suppose, twice as strong as himself, and besides, as they say, bred up to the business, so he'll be sure to have the worst of it, and, perhaps, be disabled from working for all his life-time; but it is all along with the gentlemen hereabouts, who are never easy but when they are setting people to bruise, nay, may be kill each other. Now in my mind, I think, they might be ashamed of themselves for it. For the matter of that, they ought to be called ruffians, instead of gentlemen, and they that ought to know better too—the bible does not tell them to do so, I am sure, but I dare say they never look into it. Poor Stephen is one of the worthiest men that can be, and would not, I am sure, hurt a fly; but they have forced him, as one may say, to fight this man, when, Lord

help him! he has been ill for six weeks, and is not quite recovered yet; besides, he is slightly made, and not strong like the other man, who, they say, is as hard as a flint with this boxing trade. Stephen is a carpenter, and lives in the village hard by: this poor woman and he have been married now going on for eight years, and they have three children; they were sadly off at the time he was ill, but two or three of the rich folks used to support them, and we all thought it very kind at the time, till we knew what they wanted him for, which was to fight this battle; so he was hardly got stout again before they sent for this man down, and to-day was fixed upon for the purpose. They picked him out because he is the most active man hereabouts, and a famous player at cricket; but then you know, Sir, cricket playing is not like boxing. Poor Stephen was very unwilling to fight, and certainly would not have done it upon any account if he had not felt so much obliged to them for their kindness to him when he was ill, and so, perhaps, his gratitude may be the death of him. They all meant to keep their intention a secret from his wife, (not that they cared a pin for her, but that they thought she might hinder him from fighting) and they succeeded so far, that she did not hear any thing of it till they were set off for the place fixed upon. But then somehow or other she found it out, and the poor thing was like any one that was wild: she would go after them immediately, and as we are her neighbours and very fond of her and her husband, we followed to see that no harm might come to her; but when we arrived there, all her endeavours to pass the ring were in vain, and seeing her poor husband fall, with the blood running from him, she fainted, and was brought away by some of the men to this place, where she has continued ever since in the state you now see her." Just at this time, the unfortunate woman again opened her eyes: "Where is he?" cried she, wildly; "give me my husband—do not, do not murder him! A flood of tears choaked her utterance, and for a while afforded her relief. "Tell me," said she again, in the most piteous accents, "if my husband lives—am I not a widow? are not my poor babes fatherless?" "We hope not," replied the woman who had spoken to me, "look forward to the best." "How can I look forward with any

hope," returned the woman, "to the end of an event like this?—you only flatter me with vain hopes, but I will know the worst." With these words she attempted to rise to seek her husband, but her strength failed her, and she sunk back, exhausted. "It is vain to deceive me," said she again, "tell me at once, that he is dead." "I should then tell you false," returned her friend, "for to say the truth, the battle is not yet ended." "Not ended yet," cried the agonized wife; "nay then there is no hope." She clenched her hands together, raised her eyes wildly towards heaven, and sate motionless—the picture of despair. It was in vain that we attempted to rouse her; she remained mute and immoveable, till a violent shouting declared the contest at an end:—she started up, and as fast as her weakness and agitation would permit, hastened to the place, followed by her friends, where she beheld (dreadful to relate) her husband, supported by two men, pale, bleeding, disfigured in the most shocking manner, deprived of eye-sight, and unable to articulate. She uttered a faint scream, and for a time lost the recollection of her sufferings in insensibility, in which state she was carried home by the side of the unfortunate victim of selfish and unprincipled barbarity. The battle had terminated in favour of the prize-fighter, who had mangled his opponent dreadfully, as the unfortunate man (too faithful to his engagements) had continued the battle till he was no longer able to stand. Execrated by his detestable employers who had hoped that his dexterity would have proved an ample match for the superior strength of his opponent, he would have been suffered to return home without receiving any assistance from them, had I not engaged a medical man, who was in the field, to afford him every possible relief. We walked together to the house of the unfortunate man, whom we found in the greatest agonies, and his wife in convulsions, struggling in the arms of her friendly neighbours—the weeping children completed this wretched groupe. After dressing his wounds, the doctor bade us hope for the best, although he acknowledged his patient to be in considerable danger; he then directed his attention to the wife, and having recovered and composed her as well as possible, gave her a gentle opiate to calm her spirits. I visited them on the following morning; the man was rather

better, but the poor woman had raved incessantly the whole night, and had then (being completely exhausted by her own violence) fallen into a slumber. Her excessive love for her husband, combined with a natural weakness of mind, made her suffer the most acute distress, and it was not till reason had somewhat restored her to resignation, that she could afford him any assistance. Deprived of the means of subsistence, they must have starved, had not the benevolence of my friend raised a little fund for their support, as the vile authors of all their misery had entirely deserted them since the fatal contest. Immediately after this, I was compelled to quit that part of the country; but I had the satisfaction of leaving the unfortunate family under the care of humane and benevolent friends, from whom I afterwards gained the following intelligence of them: The unhappy man's illness, after tantalizing them with frequent hopes of his recovery, at last brought him into a rapid decline, and he expired in less than three months after the fatal battle. His wretched wife lost her senses soon after, and is now in an asylum for the reception of lunatics; and the poor children have been sent to the parish workhouse. Such is the end of a family who once lived in peace and content: the husband, blest with health and ample employment for his industry, thought only of keeping a comfortable home for his family, and cherishing his wife, protecting his children, and assisting his neighbours—these were his best and his only pleasures. His wife looking up to him, on whom she doated with the most extravagant fondness, as her protector and guide, in rendering his home pleasant to him, and in maternal affection for his children, was found her happiness and tranquillity. Their evenings then brought with them mirth and good humour; in winter their little fire was replenished, and with their children round them, and perhaps a social neighbour, the sportive tale or the simple ballad, the social pipe and the foaming tankard, enlivened the hours till sleep renewed their strength and spirits for the labours of the succeeding day. In summer, the cool refreshing walk, the mug of cyder, the fruit which their little garden afforded, produced by their own industry, shared with those neighbours who were less fortunate than themselves; and the pleasure of beholding their children playing about in the

open air, chased every care away, and rendered them as happy as mortals could be. But too soon was their happiness destroyed—the death of the father—the phrenzy of the mother, and the forlorn and helpless situation of the children, now present a melancholy contrast to the glowing picture of their former bliss. *Such are the effects of pugilism.*

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER.

(Continued from page 23.)

A MODEST blush of pleasure overspread the features of my fair companion as I declared my resolution of hearing the close of her interesting tale. Yet she once more intreated she might not detain me; and, with a modest air, apologized for having trespassed upon my time.

I took her hand and involuntarily pressed it, as I reconducted her to her seat.—She had, as Sterne says, touched the chord of tenderness, and I found myself peculiarly interested in her tale. "Proceed, I intreat you;" said I, "for I merely lose a few shillings by resigning my place; and by the pleasure I shall receive in hearing the close of your history, I shall think myself amply repaid."

"Though I fear you will be ill requited for the interest you take in my story," replied Eliza, "yet I am ready to comply with your desires; but so confused is my mind, and so vague are my ideas, that I entirely forget where I left off."

"It was at a critical moment," said I, "for Edward had just informed you, that if you did not become his wife, he was resolved to gratify his brutal passion without loss of time." "*Critical moment*, indeed!" repeated Eliza, with a deep drawn sigh, "and one never to be forgotten until life and memory fails! Once more, however, I resolved to try the power of persuasion; and, again falling upon my knees, I implored him not to trifle with his own happiness, or to destroy my peace. As well might I have bade the tempest to cease its fury, or the waves of the agitated ocean not to rise; for his countenance was suddenly overclouded with resentment, and in a tone of authority he commanded

the priest to retire. 'Stay! stay! I implore and conjure you!' I exclaimed, catching the imaginary clergyman by the coat; 'I will, indeed I will become the wife of Edward; and may the Almighty enable me to return his love!'

"As I said this I dropped on my knees before him; he raised me with tenderness, and pressed me to his heart. The servant who accompanied us was called in, who performed the office of father, and I firmly believed our fates were entwined in one.

"When I arose the next morning I perceived the house, which we had lodged in, was a solitary dwelling upon a dreary moor, but well did it accord with the gloomy presages which overwhelmed my foreboding heart. With the woman, who officiated as mistress, I was disgusted; there was a want of delicacy in her observations which I could not bear; but, upon remarking it to my husband, he laughed at my scrupulous *niceness*, and called me a *prudish* girl.

"Two days were spent in this dreary habitation without seeing a creature, except the woman who was my aversion, and the servant maid. At Edward's request I had written to Lady Charlotte, and the man was ordered to wait for her reply; but instead of his returning with it, an express arrived from the castle, on the second night, containing the melancholy intelligence of my beloved benefactress's sudden death.

"To describe the sensations I experienced at hearing this appalling intelligence would be impossible. I trembled with apprehension lest her solicitude on my account had occasioned her death; for never did mother love a child with greater affection than she had uniformly displayed. My husband likewise testified sorrow, and ordered the *horses* to be instantly prepared. '*Horses!*' I exclaimed, 'for heaven's sake take me with you, and let me once more behold my beloved protectress and friend!' To accompany him, he assured me, would be *impossible*, as he must send fourteen miles to procure a chaise, and in that time the servants would have an opportunity of stripping the house of all the valuables it contained; but he faithfully promised to send a carriage, at an early hour on the following morning; and, in a hurried manner, took leave.

"Pure as was the life of the amiable Lady Charlotte, yet she could never even bear to reflect upon the moment when it was to be brought to a close, or be persuaded to make her will. Her nephew was well aware of this peculiarity, yet fancied her affection for *me* had conquered are pugnance which she had felt; but it was necessary to be convinced whether he was *right* or *wrong* in his conjecture, before he determined in what manner he should act. Alas! he discovered that I was poor and pennyless, for no *will* was to be found, and from this omission he became master of all her wealth.

"Instead of a carriage ready to convey me to the castle, I received this distressing letter by the groom." So saying, she drew a paper from her pocket and put into my hand, and whilst I was perusing it, the fair mourner sat drowned in tears.

"TO MISS ELIZA R——

"Prepare yourself, my dear Eliza, for a piece of intelligence which will wound your heart: although you were no stranger to the singularity of that amiable woman whose loss we deplore. *No will* is to be *found*, or even a memorandum to entitle *you* to the slightest support; of course, I am heir to all the property which her ladyship possessed. This, my sweet girl, might afflict you, were you not certain of *sharing* all I enjoy by this event; but whilst your Edward is master of a guinea, that guinea will be at his beloved's *command*.

"I have, it is true, Eliza, *deceived you;* but my love was too violent to submit to disdain; and I was compelled to adopt a stratagem which my own heart condemned.—Pardon then, most adored of women, the trifling artifice which has been used to induce you to gratify a passion by which I was consumed. *Matrimony* to *me* has always appeared a ceremony instituted for the purpose of accomplishing the views of the interested, and gratifying the ambitious projects of artful priests; but when *honour binds*, and affection stimulates, the independent mind rejects such deceptious snares; and the heart selects an object on whom it can place its tenderness, without the priest having repeated an *unmeaning* form of *words*.

"I have now, my dearest Eliza, given you *my* sentiments upon *marriage;* I will now make a declaration of love, and assure you that *mine* glows with greater ardour than it did at the moment I forced you from that habitation in which you had long been cherished with maternal care. To return to that abode, however, at the present period, would be injudicious, as my mother and sisters are here, who, as they imagine you voluntarily placed yourself under my protection, might not treat you with that *respect you deserve.* Mrs. Morris, however, has orders to pay you every attention. The moment the ceremony of the funeral is over, I shall fly to you upon the wings of love, for the purpose of arranging our future plans.

"Adieu, my beloved Eliza,

"Believe me your truly devoted,

"EDWARD L——."

"Villain!" I exclaimed: "Accursed villain!" folding up the letter, and returning it to the miserable being to whom it was addressed. "And how did you act, my poor Eliza," said I, taking her trembling hand. "*Act!*" she repeated, "I flew from my persecutor, and resolved to implore relief from my friends: but, alas! the heart of my father was steeled against me, and he inhumanly turned me out of his house. The tale which my abandoned seducer had circulated, too readily obtained belief; and those by whom I was caressed, during the life of my benefactress, held up their fingers at me, and cried out *shame!*

"One being, notwithstanding, pitied my misfortunes, and implicitly believed my tale; but my little money is all spent, she is unable to support me, and this morning I quitted her humble dwelling for the purpose of soliciting relief."

Here the ill-fated girl closed the melancholy narrative. I drew from my pocket book a bank note, and putting it into her hand, said, "My dear Eliza, I, like that villain Edward, have an amiable aunt, to whom I will relate your history, and who, I am persuaded, will become your friend; in the mean time *that* will be sufficient to supply your present necessities, and prevent you from becoming a burden to the good creature in whose house you reside."

She gazed upon me with a mingled look of gratitude and astonishment; then fervently raising her eyes, she exclaimed, "Oh, God! make me grateful for this unexpected, this welcome relief!" A waiter at this moment entered, and informed me that company wanted the room. I shook Eliza by the hand, promised she should hear from me, and walked into the court yard. My attention was instantly attracted by a corpulent figure, who was seated on a bench, expatiating upon the venality of ministers, and the corrupt measures which were pursued; when, turning his head, for the purpose of rejecting the fruits of smoaking, he exclaimed, "I told you I saw her go into the house! that's *her*, Master Barkworth; yes, yes, madam's pride is now pretty low. Where are all her *silks* and *satins*, I wonder? Why I would not give five shillings for all the clothes upon her back; but no matter, 'tis good enough for such *strumpets*. I'd have 'em *all treated* like *Jane Shore*."

"Poor thing! poor thing!" replied his more humane companion. "Indeed, Mr. Morris, you be too hard: who knows what *arts* the 'squire made use on to undo the young girl: to be sure she was wrong to run away from my lady, and they say as how it broke her heart; but her time was come, or it would not have happened, for the Scriptures tell us a sparrow does not fall without the appointment of God."

"I tell ye she's an *artful jade*;" rejoined Morris, "for 'twas *she* that took *in* the young 'squire; and when my lady lay dead at the castle, he ketched her in bed with the groom."

Oh, malice, how fertile are thy inventions! How basely, how undeservedly is the character of an unprotected female traduced! I felt resolved, however, to vindicate *that* of the much injured *Eliza*; and, drawing nearer to Morris, I said, "Are you speaking of that young lady who has just quitted the yard?"

"*Young lady*," he repeated, in a satirical accent. "Young w—— would have been a more *properer term*. Yes, I be; and what have you to say about her—is she any *relation* of *yours?*" "She is related to me by those ties which ought to unite us in the bonds of mutual kindness and regard; with her history I am inclined to believe *you* are but little

acquainted, or you would not have been so severe; however, as I happen to know every circumstance from the moment of her being taken under Lady Charlotte's care, I will, if you please, briefly relate them, and you will then find that you have been grossly deceived."

Though *curiosity* is said to be peculiarly *attached* to *females*, I have always found an equal portion of that sentiment influence the minds of men; and the moment I made this declaration, Mr. Morris offered me a seat on the bench, saying, he only went by *hearsay*, and should be happy to listen to my account. I began Eliza's history from the death of her mother, expatiating *upon*, or curtailing different parts, according as I observed my auditors affected by it, or heard them spontaneously acknowledge the *truth;* and so completely was it impressed upon my own memory, that I was even able to repeat her seducer's letter without scarcely deviating from a word. I soon found that my companions were truly orthodox in their sentiments, and highly respected the ceremonial parts of our Church; I therefore warmly expatiated upon the villainy Edward had been guilty of, in having the marriage rite performed for the base purpose of seducing an artless girl.

When I came to the conclusion of my story, I said, "Well, Mr. Morris, do you now think the poor girl deserves to be treated *like Jane Shore?*"

"How can you ax me such a thing?" replied he, in a softened accent. "Why, I'd have the rascal cut into piecemeal. If I was but a justice of the peace I'd send the dog to the house of correction.—No, I'd send him to Botany Bay. Well, my dame was right; for she always said as how she did not think the poor girl was to blame; but the 'squire told me with his own lips as how he *ketched her* in bed with his groom."

I had observed that Barkworth, during the course of my narration, had repeatedly passed his hands across his eyes, and when Morris had concluded his observation, I demanded whether the poor girl had not been inhumanly used. "'Tis sad cruel work, sir," replied the humane butcher, for that was the business he followed, I afterwards learnt. "But I thinks as how her *own father* is as much to blame as the young 'squire, for to deny a night's lodg-

ing, and a little bit of victuals to his own flesh and blood, is what I calls the most unnatural thing I ever heard of, and he would not so much as let her set a foot into the house; and had not a young woman, who once lived with Lady Charlotte, taken the poor thing in, she might have died in the street for what her relations cared; for I believe they be all alike."

"Well, my dame," rejoined Morris, "sadly wanted me to let her stay at my house; but, Lord, I thought all was true as the 'squire told me, and I thought it would look like flying in his face, howsomedever I'll go home this very moment, and tell my Bet all I have heard, and she shall go and comfort the poor girl a little, and take her home, if she likes; and so, sir, your servant, and I am much obliged to you for having set things to rights."

As Mr. Morris made this humane resolution, he shook the tobacco out of his pipe, but before he left me, I took care to inform him that Eliza would only be his guest a few days; as I intended making a relation of mine acquainted with her misfortune, who had been wishing to obtain an agreeable companion for some time, and who would feel a pleasure in receiving the ill-fated girl under her care. Having given him this intelligence, I took a card from my pocket, and on the back of it wrote my aunt's name; at the same time requesting he would inform me, in what part of the village he lived, that when Eliza was sent for, the servants might know where she was to be found.

The sensation of delight which I experienced at having thus unexpectedly had an opportunity of rescuing the character of an amiable girl from the malicious aspersions of her enemies, may much easier be imagined than described; and sincerely do I wish that the censorious and illiberal would try the experiment of being candid and humane; as I am inclined to believe they would feel a much greater satisfaction than they ever experienced from *splenetic remarks*.

(To be continued.)

A HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

MR. EDITOR,

IF you can find room for this short epistle, I wish you would; for I do not see why a poor man may not make is complaints, and I am sure I have cause enough; for what with the hard times, and my wife's vagaries, I believe I shall run mad.

Here was I, but a little time back, getting on in the world, master of a good business, with two journeymen and a tight lad of an apprentice, paying my way, making all ends meet, and pleasing myself with the notion that one day or other I should hold up my head with the best of the trade; and this I verily think would have come to pass, if my *Bet* had not held it fit, and right, and proper, to do as others do, that know how to *live*, for so she calls cramming a parcel of acquaintances, that she does not care a farthing for, with hot suppers, punch, and even *wine*, because that's most *genteel*. She says it's a shame to hugger-mugger on without making a little figure now and then; that every body gives entertainments; and that one hears of nothing but such a one's *dinners*, and such a one's *parties*; and how should people expect to be thought of, if they don't try to rise a little above the low vulgar scum that nobody cares for? This, and a great deal more stuff, I am dinned with every day, and all brought about by Madam's reading a pack of nonsensical books, shewing how poor folks are all at once made rich by fairies or hobgoblins, and newspapers in which there is little to be found but histories of eating, drinking, and making merry. In the mean time I and my men are almost starved; for, in order to save for *great* occasions, we live (if living it can be called) on scraps and cold bits. In short, every thing is turned topsy-turvy, and I am not the man I was a few years back, by many good pounds of flesh. This comes of giving women their way.

Bet was a nice girl when I married her, that's for certain; and so you see she got the upper hand at the first set off,

and I never durst speak my mind from that day to this. Now, after all, is it not a shame that great folks, who ought to know best, and set us a good example, should lead such lives, and seem to care for nothing but rioting and all manner of wickedness? I am but an ignorant man; but, to my thinking, they ought to be afraid, in these times of perils and dangers; for, though they have turned almost all of us into soldiers, yet, according to my mind, if they would turn themselves into good men, we should all feel more bold at heart. Now, though I don't read novels, like my wife, I remember one of our club, that knew more than all of us put together, who spoke a fine speech from a fine play, something about being "locked up in steel" with a bad conscience. I don't remember the right words, but I know it sounded as true as if it had been in our family bible.

As to this Corsican Frenchman, who says he will get the better of us, and make us slaves; in my poor notion, he'll do no such thing, if we do but stick fast to the good old cause of true English honesty, and leading good lives, and "rendering to Cæsar what is due unto Cæsar," thinking less about ourselves, and more of our neighbours, and not coveting other folk's goods, and once for all trying to frighten this little boasting tiger, by letting him see how much better we are than himself, and that God protects us, which to be sure he will do, if we mind what he has taught us; and the gentry ought not to forget that this season means something *more* than feasting on turkey and mince-pies; that to clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, is the best way of shewing their respect on Christmas-day; that a steady determination of abiding by our faith, and a dutiful obedience to the command of our Saviour, will sharpen our swords, and give courage to our hearts. Nor shall we need to fear the arts or power of a wicked man, who has looked no further than this world, of which he wants to be the master, and to gain which he has not cared how many souls he has sent out of it. But, Sir, they will all cry against him, if he does not try to mend his ways; and, if he would take my advice, endeavour to make peace with us, who, notwithstanding our misdemeanours, are a pretty deal better than him, with all his grandeur, his Popes, and his crowns! Lord help him!

what will it all avail him, if he does not take up and repent, which that he and all of us may do, and to the purpose, is the true wish of

Christmas, 1806. AN HONEST MAN.

ANECDOTE.

WHILE the system of terror prevailed in France, multiplied acts of oppression fell upon the unfortunate victims of suspicion; yet the more rigorously the dungeons were closed against the relatives and friends of the imprisoned, the more ingenious and inventive affection became, in finding means of communication.

One of the prisoners in the Luxemburgh had a dog, who, it will be seen in the following recital, gave extraordinary proofs of sagacity, as well as of attachment to his master. Every day the dog watched an opportunity to pass into the interior of the prison, and, entering the chamber of his master, overwhelmed him with caresses. One day in particular his demonstrations of joy were so reiterated as to become exceedingly troublesome; but the more his master strove to render him quiet, the more importunately the animal persisted in his caresses; he leaped, howled, barked, and bending his head downward, appeared to direct the attention of his master to his collar. Concluding the dog had been wounded by some accident, he then examined him, but finding no kind of hurt upon him, and being teized by his restlessness, he attempted to put him out of the room. The dog however escaped from his hands, and displayed the same tokens, till his master took off the collar, when the animal again began to bark and to whine, but no longer with a tone of inquietude. Surprised at the manifest change in the manner of the dog, the prisoner directed his attention to the collar, and found that it held a letter from his wife, who, constantly repulsed at the door of the prison, had found this means of conveying her sentiments to him. He replied by the same courier. A regular correspondence was now carried on, and every day at a certain hour the faithful commissioner of affection passed and repassed with his invisible message.

FILIAL PIETY;

OR,

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER:

A TURKISH PROVERB.

Characters.

THE SULTAN.
SELIM ..... his son.
MIRZA ..... the Vizier.
ACHMET ..... a young gardener.
FATIMA ..... Achmet's Mother.
SELIMA ..... the Sultan's daughter.
AMINA ..... a slave.

ACT I.---SCENE I.

Garden of the Seraglio.

Selima and Amina.

Amina.---Why, my beloved princess, will you yield yourself a prey to this depression of spirits? much, I fear, the graces of Achmet have touched your heart.

Selima.---He appears amiable, Amina; and can you wonder, considering my age and secluded situation, that my senses are charmed by his attractions---his beauteous person---Oh, my Amina! is it not captivating? and his melodious voice, the tones penetrate my heart! Yet I would fain converse with him, to discover whether his understanding equals my expectation.

Amina.---Surely my princess would not hazard such a dangerous experiment!

Selima.---I am sensible of the danger, and also of the impropriety; but you, my Amina, must assist me to obviate the latter, and, for the former, love urges me to run all risks: the greater the enterprize, the more glory there is in success.

Amina.---But how can I assist?

Selima (smiling).---By condescending to act the princess, while I, in the humble habit of a slave, interrogate the youth, and put his deserts to the proof.

Amina.---A charming romantic scene!---Oh, how I will stalk majestically, and talk bombastically, and toss my head, and throw my train about!---See, now, am I not already three inches taller than I was?---Oh, how self-importance stretches a person.

Selima.---You are an arch gipsey---but come, Amina, we must not lose time; this is the hour when Achmet usually tends the shrubs in this part of the garden.---Quick, quick, let us change our habits!

[*They exchange their robes, turbans, and veils, and retire aside.*]

Enter *Achmet* pensively.

My poor mother, how ill she was to-day. I fear her glass is run, and she will soon be snatched from her sorrowing Achmet. The trifling pittance I earn in these gardens is insufficient for her support.---She will die, she will die---Achmet cannot save her!

Selima (aside).---How wretched he looks---what can be the cause of his distress!---Let us speak to him now, we have no right to stand here listening to his private griefs---remember your character.---*(They approach.)*

Amina (haughtily).---Young man, you have no business in the gardens at this late hour.---Did not you know that this is the time allowed for recreation to the ladies of the seraglio?

Achmet.---Madam, I humbly beg your pardon; my offence was involuntary.---I will retreat instantly.

Selima.---Sweet princess, be not too austere; take pity on his youth; perhaps he can plead a just excuse for his transgression, and you might hereafter regret having occasioned his death.

Achmet.---My death!---Oh heavens!

Selima.---Speak, young man; exculpate yourself if possible.

Achmet.---Oh, sweet interceder, accept my thanks! I knew not, indeed, the extent of my fault: attendance on an aged sick mother delayed me a quarter of an hour beyond

my allotted time.---For myself I care not---life has few charms for me; but should my unworthy life be the forfeit of this offence, in pity try to touch the heart of your royal mistress in my favour.

Amina.---Your answer is satisfactory, young man, and I will not betray you---but you are not safe here; should the chief eunuch see you, I could not save you from the Sultan's vengeance.---Come, my friend, conduct this youth to our apartments---his musical talents may amuse us.---And I would wish to hear more of his sick mother.

Achmet.---How shall I speak my gratitude!

[*Follows them into the palace.*]

SCENE.---*The princess's apartment.*

A collation prepared.

[*Amina and Selima seat themselves, making signs to the attendants to withdraw.---Achmet stands behind Amina's chair: they throw back their veils---he seems dazzled by the beauty of Selima.*]

Amina.---My friend, take your lute and play me a lively air, by way of encouraging this young man, who seems lost in contemplation. I shall require a specimen of his abilities next.

Selima (taking the lute, and shaking her head significantly at Amina).—Ah! my princess, you know my inability, and wish to expose me to this young stranger, who is such an excellent musician.—Well, no matter, I will obey you.

Air.—RONDO.

What means, my friend, that clouded brow?
Come prithee banish sorrow;
Though clouds obscure our prospects now,
The sun may shine to-morrow.

Good humour mitigates each woe,
And makes our care the lighter;
For after sorrow's showers, we know
The sun of joy shines brighter.

Despondency but adds to grief;
Misfortune may o'ertake us;
Yet conscious virtue yields relief,
And Hope should ne'er forsake us.

Then why, my friend, that clouded brow,
Come prithee, &c. &c.

Amina.—Well sung, and much to the purpose. In truth, my friend, I think you excelled yourself; Achmet here seems enchanted.

Achmet.—Great princess, you read my thoughts—but I presume too far.

Amina.—We excuse you.—But prithee now relate to us, without disguise, the cause of your melancholy.

Achmet.—Madam, I will obey you.

Amina.—But take some refreshment.

Selima offers him fruit, which he receives, bending his knee.

Selima (aside to Amina in a tone of raillery).—Charming princess, where are all the airs and graces you promised me? Why do not you toss your head and stalk majestically? I would not give a fig for such a princess.

Amina (aside to Selima).—I have such an example of condescension before me, that I know not how to play the tyrant.

Selima.—I thank you. *(Aloud)*—But will not you deign to listen, my princess, Achmet is already prepared to satisfy our curiosity.

Mirza waves her hand.

Achmet.—My tale, gracious princess, is short and uninteresting. My father was a merchant in affluent circumstances, whose liberal spirit too unhappily soared beyond the bounds of prudence. One sister, and myself, were all his offspring. Corinna was beautiful, accomplished, and amiable, and the Sultan's Vizier regarded her with a partial eye; but Corinna was otherwise attached, and, at my father's death, bestowed her hand where her heart had long been pledged. The rage of the Vizier knew no bounds; and he has, since that period, taken every method to ruin us, in which he succeeded to the extent of his cruel wishes. To elude his vengeance, my sister fled with her husband to Sicily, and, alas! were wrecked in their voyage—they perished. Since that fatal period, my poor mother, overwhelmed with grief and poverty, has gradually drooped, never, I fear, to rise again. I have contributed my humble efforts for her support; and for her sake, reduced myself to the situation in which you see me.

Selima (vehemently).—O that hateful Vizier, how I detest him.

Achmet.—Amiable sensibility! Oh madam, if my misfortunes have touched your heart, I shall think this the most fortunate moment of my life.

Amina.—Fear not: fortune will do more for you than you expect.—But how is this? my friend in tears. Come, come, I must have none of this. Achmet, take an instrument, and let me judge of your performance.

Achmet plays and sings.

"Ah, vainly pants my throbbing heart,
In search of calm repose:
No aid, alas! can hope impart,
To mitigate my woes.

Sad views on every side combine,
My anguish'd soul to tear:
Should Love's soft snare my heart entwine,
My doom must be despair."

Amina (laughing).—You are a dismal, moping creature; but if my interest can avail, you shall, ere long, sing a livelier strain: for the present I think we must dismiss you. What says my friend?

Selima.—You are right—it grows late; the Sultan may pay us a visit, and his anger would be terrible.

Achmet.—Heaven forbid that compassion for me should expose you to his displeasure.

Selima.—We must avoid it.—Mezrou, *(enter slave)* conduct this youth to the gardens.

[*Exit Mezrou and Achmet.*

(To be continued.)

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—WALKING DRESS. White dress of cambric, with a transparent sleeve buttoned up the arm; buff gloves; bonnet of pink silk; an outside dress ornamented with tassels at each corner.

Fig. 2.—FULL DRESS. A gown of fine sprigged muslin over a dress of primrose-coloured silk; hair fashionably dressed; white kid gloves and shoes.

WALKING DRESS.

FULL DRESS.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry Aug 1st 1807.

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THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE ADIEU.

AS through the waves the vessel glides,
To waft me from my native shore;
My fancy wanders o'er the tides,
To view my Elinor once more.
Beside the cliff to see her stand,
With looks as sad, and yet as true,
As, when at parting on the strand,
She faulter'd out—a long Adieu.

Ah! wherefore did I thus comply
To gratify ambition's pow'r,
From Albion's happy land to fly,
In search of India's wealthy store;
No dreams of wealth my steps impell'd,
No airy thoughts of future gain;
By inclination was I held
With Ellen ever to remain.

Now fade my native cliffs away,
And disappear beneath the sea;
Now night succeeds to parting day,
And night now welcome is to me.
The placid night will soothe my woes,
And calm the tumult in my breast;
Its healthful gales will bring repose,
And lull my cares to peace and rest.

Majestic on the margent surge,
A ball of fire begins to rise,
And now its beaming rays emerge,
And soon it gains the middle skies.
Save when the seamen heave the lead,
No sound disturbs the silent gale,
But when the boy on the mast head,
Chaunts to his Sue a doleful tale.

O native scenes of calm delight,
Where blithly once my hours I past,
Too soon you've faded from my sight,
As blossoms shrink before the blast.
Ye elms who with my stature grew,
Protectors of my rural cot,
I bid you all a long adieu,
But never shall you be forgot.

While joyful I the past retrace,
The present moments I forget,
I think not of my future days
Of which I think but with regret.
But let me not at fate repine,
Nor longer sorrow at my lot,
Since Elinor may yet be mine,
And all the present be forgot.

With what a pure and calm delight,
My joyful bosom will expand,
When on this spot my ravish'd sight,
Presents again my native land.
When to my soul-enraptur'd gaze,
My Elinor once more appears,
And all our glad succeeding days,
Prove but the emblems of our years.

ARMINE.

UTILITY AND DELIGHT OF MUSIC IN SOLITUDE;

From "MUSIC," A DIDACTIC POEM, by JOHN BALFOUR, Esq.

THINK not ye rich, ye vain! by fortune great
That Music quits her sphere, abjures her state,
When she from towers magnificent removes
To dwell 'mid desart wastes and leafless groves,
Flies from the dome of supercilious pride,
In lonely roofs and sheep cots to reside.
Or climbs with labour hard, the rocky steep,
To lull the fisher in his hut to sleep.
Think her not base, because, with open breast
She soothes the wretched, charms e'en guilt to rest,
And dictating to all her various strains,
Bids men allay their sorrows, end their pains!
She, child of nature, with unbounded hand,
Pours her collected blessings o'er the land,
And like the summer shower that swells the flood,
Glads every heart and teems with human good.

What but rude songs could smooth the plough boy's toil?
The care-worn shepherd's lingering hours beguile,
As on the turf reclin'd from day to day
He tends his flock o'er flowery meads that stray?
To what resource more sweet can sailors fly,
When snows descend, and lightnings rend the sky,
Compelled through night the anxious watch to keep,
As darts the vessel on the boundless deep.
To what the angler for relief incline,
As down the cliff he casts his baited line,
For hours his patience and his skill to shew,
And lure the finny race that swarm below?
In merry songs that every scene embrace,
The sportsman sees renewed the sounding chace,
And whistling as o'er distant lands they stray;
Less seems the craftsman's toil, the traveller's way,
Nay, to the exile, driven from his home;
To slaves—condemned in chains to work or roam;
To captives doomed the minutes to consume,
By hunger wan, in some sad prison's gloom;
MUSIC, blest power! a balsam can supply,
Each groan suppress—and glad the tear-swoln eye.

CANZONET.—FROM THE SPANISH.

TAKE, Laura take! this chain of gold,
And with it grace thy peerless neck;
These pearls on silken threads enroll'd,
Thy flowing tresses let them deck.

Fond youth! the lovely maid replied,
To me these toys no bliss impart;
To make thee happy is my pride,
The pearl I value—is thy heart.

J. B.

SONG.

Tune.—"*The rosy morn looks blythe and gay.*"

THE gloomy grove, the rocky dell,
Shall testify my plaintive tale;
And when I tune the vocal shell,
Respond to every passing gale.

Why seek I thus the lonely hour,
Frequent the ivy-mantled pile?
Say, O ye maids of magic pow'r,
Why you withdraw your wonted smile?

Oft have you shed Arcadia's sweets,
And sooth'd each mind-molesting care,
But now that heart with sorrow beats,
So wont your gladd'ning gifts to share.

Whither, Contentment, dost thou fly;
In vain I seek thy mossy cell;
Etherial fancy chase to try,
Where thy delightful poesies dwell.

'Twas beauty first, and merit next,
In Mary's matchless figure wove;
My easy heart with grief perplext,
And bade me seek the gloomy grove.

The gloomy grove and rocky dell,
Shall testify my plaintive tale;
And when I tune the vocal shell,
Respond to every passing gale.

There, Mary, blooming as the morn,
To cull the fairest wreaths for thee;
I'll strip the Acacia and the thorn,
If. Mary, thou wilt pity me.

Consign'd, my charmer, to thy care,
This nightingale I'll give to thee;
Of turtles, too, a milk-white pair,
If, Mary, thou wilt pity me.

W. P.

MONITORY STANZAS TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY DR. PERFECT.

NOW the spring is in bloom, and all nature is gay,
The seasons your own, come then welcome the May;
Be cautiously chaste, and be prudently kind,
And secure the best joy of an innocent mind;
For you, my dear girl, who are now in your bloom,
A lesson you'll find in the vernal perfume;
With joy we delight to regale in its smell,
But it wastes in the day, and consumes in the dell;
So beauty, my fair, like the short-liv'd perfume,
Unless early virtue secures the young bloom,
Is wasted and gone, and no more shall it spring,
So rapid its flight, and so swift is its wing.

ODE ON LIBERTY.

FROM MR. G. DYER'S POEMS.

HAIL! more refulgent than the morning star,
Parent of bliss! for whom the nations sigh,
Thee, Liberty! I woo, and seem from far,
To mark the brightness of thy raptur'd eye;
While, not to me unseemly, streams thy vest,
Thy locks wild dancing to the frolic wind;
And borne on flying feet, thou scornst to rest,
Save where meek Truth near thee a seat may find;
Soother of human life, blest Liberty!
Still range thro' Nature's walks, and I will range with thee.

Say, dost thou love to climb the mountain's brow,
Or haunt meandring stream, or laughing plain?
Be mine with thee up mountain heights to go,
Or wake by rivers' brink the past'ral strain;
Or tripping light the flowery meads along,
A simple swain, mid herds and virgins gay,
Pour forth to thee my merry evening song,
Unwearied with the raptures of the day:
And, when close lock'd in Sleep's soft arms I lie,
Still flattering dreams shall wake the midnight ecstacy.

Or dost thou rather chuse to wear the veil
Of mild philosophy, and walk, unseen,
Serenely grave, along the cloister pale,
Or grove, or glen, or on the shaven green;
Oh! still be mine to tend thee on thy way,
Like thee to feel, to glow with all thy flame,
Gentle and clear, as the sun's smiling ray
At dawn, yet warm as his meridian beam,
When wondering nations feel the piercing rays,
And think they view their God, and kindle into praise.

For me, when I grow thoughtless, and thy name
Forget, should I wax cold, nor feel thy power,
Then too may Fancy sleep, and, lost to shame,
Ne'er may I look beyond the passing hour;
May Beauty never smile upon my strain,
May I be curs'd, to live some tyrant's tool,
Whistle to his mean likings, and my gain
Be this, to hear ambition call me fool;
Begin, and end at Folly's call my lays,
Dread the world's sneer, and truckle for its praise.

STANZAS.

RING on, ring on, ye merry bells,
  Some say your notes are notes of sadness;
To me your silv'ry softness swells
  Athwart the glade in sounds of gladness.

Ring on, ring on, your merry chimes
  Do many a happy wedding hallow;
And oft I hear at morn betimes
  Your notes ascend the upland fallow.

Oh ring such pleasing peals as when,
  Amidst these scenes I wander'd sighing,
Oh give those love-fraught hours again,
  Hours wing'd by joy, too swiftly flying.

Ring on, ring on, ye merry bells,
  Some say your notes are notes of sadness;
To my charm'd ear their music tells
  A merry tale in notes of gladness.

Kingsland. JAMES.

THE VANITY OF LIFE.

HOW swiftly pass our years away,
Our joys how swiftly they decay,
  Just like a transient flow'r we bloom:
Quickly we run o'er life's short stage,
We fly from infancy to age,
  Then rest forgotten in the tomb.

The things of time engross our care,
The pleasures of the world we share,
  While joyful hope the soul inspires.
We seek for riches, titles, fame,
T' immortalize an empty name,
  And satisfy our vain desires.

We seldom look beyond the grave,
Where come the tim'rous and the brave,
  To lay their heavy burdens down;
Where safe from storms the weary rest,
Where anguish gnaws no troubled breast,
  Where all mankind shall find a home.

Religion can alone bestow
True happiness on man below,
Or give admission to the skies;
'Tis this can save him when his breath
Is fled away, and ghastly death
Has clos'd with heavy sleep his eyes.

This can support him in that day,
When earth and skies shall pass away,
And be dissolv'd in liquid fire;
Safe shall he stand upon a rock,
And with composure hear the shock
That bids the universe expire.

June, 1806. P. C. A.

AN ENIGMA.

IMPRIMIS, bards, this hint I give,
If at a country seat you live,
And practise rural sport,
My worth it greatly will enhance,
Because where I am found, perchance,
You frequently resort.

But tho' your friend I may appear,
I hope you'll not approach too near,
Before you weigh the matter;
You may be arm'd, 'tis very true,
But mind, I'm arm'd as well as you,
Nay, doubtless something better.

Then, Sirs, I think you'd best retire;
But if you have a great desire,
My beauties to behold;
I at a distance may be seen,
Dress'd always in a lively green,
And often trimm'd with gold.

When death, who levels even kings,
Shall cut me off like other things,
And lay me on the ground;
Let country housewifes speak my praise,
For tho' my beauty then decays,
To them of use I'm found.

M.

ANSWER

TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

SOFT as the brightest beam of heav'n,
When winter's snows the earth invest,
Is *Pity* when its pow'r is giv'n
To soothe the sighs of sorrow's breast.

'Tis *Pity* melts the throbbing heart,
"When bleeding nature droops to die;"
When friend from friend is doom'd to part,
'Tis *Pity's* tear that gems the eye.

When orphan'd innocence is seen,
Unhous'd amid the awful storm,
Pity, with kindred soul serene,
Protects the trembling infant's form.

Oh! then be *Pity* ever mine,
The softest feeling God has giv'n
To prompt to deeds almost divine,
And make on earth a little heav'n!

July 2nd, 1807. J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE beg leave to refer "Emma" to Vol. II. N. S. p. 47.

We have forwarded the note, dated from "Albion Place," to the Proprietors of the Museum.

"Louisa's" communication is received, and intended for insertion.

We beg leave to remind the kind friend who favoured us with "Anecdotes of distinguished Females," of his promise to continue them.

We shall take the liberty of making considerable alterations in the "Intelligent Travellers," unless the author would prefer to do it herself. In that case, we will return the MS. and state our objections.

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DUCHESS
BRUNSWICK